DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

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THE CONEY.

I think I hear some little one exclaim, "Oh! what a curious little creature! what is its name?" Well, it is known by several names in the rocky parts of Palestine and Arabie, where it is found. The natives commonly called it *Ouchor* or *Wuber*, and the old Bible name for it is *Shaphan* or *Hider*, because of the quick way in which it hides away in the clefts of the rocks when any one draws near.

But we know it best by the name of Coney. It is about as large as our English wild rabbit, and very much like it in its habits of living underground, quick movements, and dwelling together in families; but it is not a rabbit, for this animal is not known in Palestine. Again, it does not burrow in the earth, for it has no claws to do so, but only short, stunted nails. It therefore searches for some ready-made hole or cleft in the rocks, where it makes a comfortable nest of moss and fur, in which the three or four little conies are brought up in warmth and safety.

The soft, furry coat of this animal is of a dark-brown yellow color, studded with a few longer black hairs upon the back. The legs are short and all of the same height, and the feet are black and clumsy looking. In appearance it is not unlike a guinea-pig, for the neck is short, the ears small, and it has no tail. Around the mouth and head a few bristles are found, and the nose is rather pointed.

These interesting little animals are found in considerable numbers in many parts of the Holy Land. The peculiar rocky nature of the country is well suited for the conies. They are very timid and shy, only leaving their hiding-places under-ground during the early morning and at dusk; so that it is rather difficult to get near them to watch them at their gambols. Sentries are always placed to look out for the least approach of danger, and when any one draws near these give out a shrill cry, when instantly the whole colony vanishes underground, in the same way that our pretty wild rabbits rush into their holes when we go too near to where they are feeding in the rabbit-warren.

In the picture the timid habits of the conies are well shown. Look at the little one just peeping out of the entrance to its underground nursery. It is afraid yet to join the older ones in their play. The one perched upon a piece of rock is watching to see that no one may surprise them by drawing too near during their gambols. With uplifted paw he is all attention and ready to give the note to escape.

Travellers tell us it is a pretty sight to watch a colony of conies at early morning; but this can only be done when some ambush is near, so as to shelter you from the keen sight of the watchers.

These animals are mentioned three times in the Bible. They were classed among the unclean animals in Lev. xi. 5, as being unfit for food or sacrifice, although their flesh is often eaten by the natives now. King Solomon, in Prov. xxx. 26, calls the conies a wise but a feeble folk, which make their houses in the rocks; and David, in the beautiful 104th Psalm, verse 18, declares the wisdom and goodness of God in providing for the wants and safety of all His creatures, when he says, "The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats, and the rocks for the conies."—*Theodore Johnson, in Sunday Reading.*

"The rocks are a refuge for the Conies."

THE NATURAL WAY.

BY MARGARET MEREDITH.

As the guest of a village pastor I was one evening included in an invitation to a little family tea-party.

I met there a young man, a travelling salesman, temporarily in the place, and evidently regarded as a great beau by the household. He fell to my share, and after a few minutes' talk startled me by the abrupt question, "I believe you are a member of the church?"

"Yes."

Well, then, probably I could give him some help; he was trying to become a Christian, and wanted to find out all he could, wanted to get all the directions he could as to what he must do. In excuse he explained that he knew it was unusual to talk openly of such things, but that he could not see why, that it was a practical matter of very great importance, that he had set about it with that feeling, and that, knowing that he needed all the information he could get, he meant to ask it from every one likely to be able to give it.

He was not at all flippant, and yet he treated the subject as unhesitatingly as any old elder might have done, earnestly, but with an earnestness thoroughly practical.

He spoke neither low nor loud, and of course I at first felt embarrassed, but he apparently paid no attention whether people noticed what he was talking about or not, but in a matter-of-fact manner asked *my opinion* on one and another point.

I did not feel that he got *any new ideas* or inspiration from me. On the contrary, no doubt the poor young fellow was frequently disappointed in his efforts to get human help. All of us hope to obtain from others a light which never comes except direct from God into the heart.

But perhaps he got a little help, confirmation of others'

assurances at least; moreover, he kept his object before him instead of being distracted from it.

And was not his way, though peculiar, and therefore striking me as very original, the natural one, after all, the way in which a child might act as a matter of course?

And surely it was a wise way. There was far less reason than usual to fear that he would forget and give up his attempt. All his Christian friends were enlisted to keep him in mind of it and to cheer him on in moments of discouragement, while his old comrades felt that he had already left them and come out on the Lord's side.

I never saw him again nor heard about him, but ever since that I have wished that I could give intelligently to inquirers his idea that our great sacred interest is one of our every-day interests, and that it is natural to treat it as such.—*American Messenger.*

SEEKING TO SAVE.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

"Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God,"

said Harry Eustace, a rather flashily dressed, showy young man, as he walked hurriedly toward the railway station in a large New England town.

"How did that ever get into my head, and what is the rest of it? There must be a rhyme to it," and he repeated the words again. "I certainly didn't hear them at the theatre last evening nor at Jerry Howe's saloon this morning, and I haven't read anything of the sort. Confound it all! can't I think of anything else?" and he began to whistle softly a popular strain from the last opera.

The train was about starting, he hurried to get a seat, and when they were fairly on the way he found the objectionable words had set themselves to the whir of the car wheels.

All the way along the Shore Line, past New Haven, New London, across the Thames on the great steam ferry boat, on, on, almost to Providence. He had said the words a thousand times, he was sure. At last, in sheer desperation, he turned to a pleasant, gentlemanly-looking stranger who had occupied a seat in front of him for the whole distance, and said,—

"I beg pardon, sir, but did you ever happen to hear just these words, and can you tell me what will rhyme with them, for they must be a part of a stanza of a hymn, I think,—

"'Jesus sought me when a stranger
Wandering from the fold of God'?"

"Why, yes, certainly," said the gentleman, cordially. "Don't you remember? it is the second verse of Robert Robinson's familiar hymn, and the remaining two lines of the verse are,—

"'He to save my soul from danger
Interposed His precious blood.'"

"Worse and worse," said the young man with a sigh. "Thank you, sir. I don't think I ever heard them before. I am not much in the way of hearing hymns myself. How in thunder the tormenting words got into my head I don't see. They have sung themselves over there to a tune of their own all day long. I have tried in vain to banish them, and at last I thought I must seek relief from the torture by asking some one for the rest of the verse."

"It is a beautiful hymn," said the gentleman. "There is a great deal of comfort in it. I frequently sing it over to myself when travelling," and he now sang it through softly, but clearly and with expression.

Harry Eustace sat with his arms crossed on the back of the seat in front of him, and listened attentively. The passengers in their car had nearly all left at Stonington, and as the gentleman ceased singing and looked at him with a smile, he took up the tune and sang the second verse through in a rich tenor voice.

"Yes, there is comfort in it if any one knew how to find it," he said. "I don't."

"Are you to be in the city over Sunday?" asked the gentleman, and receiving an affirmative reply, he said,—

"Will you not come to the —— Street church to the morning service and hear the choir sing your hymn?" and handing Harry a card as the train drew up at the station, he was quickly lost in the crowd.

"I wonder if he is a minister?" said Harry as he crossed the street. "He don't catch me so easy." But the words of the hymn sung him to sleep that night and resumed their appeal so quickly when he awoke in the morning that he said,—

"Perhaps the easiest way to get rid of them will be to go to church and hear them rendered by the choir."

The pastor was already in his place as an usher took the young man to a seat in the body of the house, and Harry saw at a glance that it was his travelling acquaintance of the day before.

He rose at once and gave out the hymn, the very one they had been talking about, and as he began reading the second verse he smiled down into Harry's upturned eyes in a way that sent the thought buzzing through the young man's brain, "Jesus is seeking for me. This good man, His servant, has been praying for me!"

I need not tell the story of the day, but before its close Harry had found the "comfort" in the hymn, and Monday morning he retraced his steps rejoicing as only those rejoice who find the Lord.

As he went back with a light step up the familiar street he paused, as he had done on his way to the depot, as, indeed, he did almost every day, to buy an apple of a nice, neat old woman who kept a little box of a place on the corner.

There right before his eyes in large letters was the verse that had made the last three days the most eventful of his life. He knew, now, he had read them almost unconsciously, in his hurry, but they had fixed themselves in his mind and remained there until their mission for him had been accomplished.

Looking up at the woman as she handed him his change, something gentle and motherly in her air tempted him to tell her his story, although he was not ordinarily a communicative person.

"Why, dear heart," said the old woman smoothing her white ruffled apron with both her hands, "my Johnnie made that, the lame boy, you know, who is here sometimes. He has not been so well lately, and at home he has amused himself while I was away by cutting the large letters from the headings of newspapers and from advertisements, posters and the like, and pasting them on short papers, and thus making mottoes. This one he made in large letters for my comfort here. And to think, sir, that I should have helped the seeking Saviour to find and to save you. Johnnie will be glad, sir. He is always praying for the unconverted, and wishing there was something he could do to lead them in the right way. This is but a proof, sir, of what I have often told him—to do the best that he could with what was given him, and the Lord would find a place for his work. We see a great deal that needs doing among the poor people where we live, sir."

"I think the Lord sought me that, with my money and influence, I could help Johnnie," said Harry Eustace. And should you go to that town to-day, you would hear of a blessed work among the lowly that the prayerful labor of these two has accomplished.—*Watchman.*

"One Teacher looks at his pupils and sees nothing in their faces but an exhaustive demand on his strength and patience; another sees in each face a mute appeal to all the wisdom, sympathy, and love that are in him." So says the *Christian Union.* The words are fitly spoken. We recommend them to the consideration of every teacher. Let each ask himself and herself, "What do I see in the faces of my pupils? To which class of teachers do I belong?" The answer will go far to enable one to determine whether he is a true teacher or no.—*Canada School Journal.*

Real Interest, not affected or feigned, is the teacher's privilege with reference to pupils. We sadly lack the penetration belonging to a revivified humanity, if, in the shabbiest and dullest, we can not see "something to love."

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON I.—JULY 3.

THE INFANT JESUS.—MATT. 2: 1-12.

Commit Verses 7-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his *people* from their sins.—Matt. 1: 21.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Those who earnestly seek the Saviour shall find him; one finding should worship and love him.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Matt. 1: 18-25.
T. Matt. 2: 1-12.
W. Matt. 2: 10-23.
Th. Luke 2: 1-14.
F. Luke 2: 15-21.
Sa. Luke 2: 25-35.
Su. Luke 11: 26-40.

Time.—Jesus Christ was born in the year of the world 4000, four years before the date from which we number our year, A.D. (Anno Domini, the year of the Lord.) So that Christ was born 1891, not 1887 years ago. The visit of the wise men was a few weeks after the birth of Christ, in the winter.

Place.—Bethlehem of Judea, a small village five or six miles south of Jerusalem, containing at present about five hundred houses. Here Rachel was buried and Ruth gleaned, and David was born and anointed.

Ruler.—Augustus Cæsar, emperor of Rome; Herod the Great (the first of the seven Herods named in the New Testament), king of Judea.

Introduction.—Mary, the mother of Jesus had a home in the city of Nazareth in Galilee; but when the Roman emperor ordered a list or enrolment of all the people, for the purpose of taxing them, they had to go to their family home. Mary's family was at Bethlehem, five or six miles south of Jerusalem. Here the Saviour was born, and laid in a manger, because the tavern was full of people. Some shepherds, watching their flocks, were told by an angel that the Saviour of the world was born. They went and found the babe, as the angel said. Months before this, some wise men in Persia, far away to the east, saw a new and splendid star, and God led them by this star to Jerusalem to find the Redeemer. It took them several months to come. Our lesson to-day is about their visit.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. The Days of Herod—Herod the Great. Christ was probably born in December, B.C. 5; and Herod died at the age of 70 in the middle of the following March (B.C. 4). Wise men—Magians, or a class of learned men who studied science, medicine, etc. These men came from Persia, called here the East. Seen his star—probably a miraculous star. Star in the East—seen in the eastern sky, or while they were yet in the East; probably both. Herod was troubled—he was afraid this child would be king in his place. 4. Chief priests—the leaders, the high priests, and heads of the 24 courses of priests. Scribes—writers, those who copied and studied and taught the Scriptures. Where should be born—where the Scriptures taught should be born. 5. Bethlehem—See Place. Written by the prophet—Micah, in chapter 5: 2. Not the least—a small town, but great in influence and renown. 7. Privily—secretly, to avoid public notice and excitement. 11. Fell down—bowed down, in the Eastern mode of reverence. Worshipped—did him reverence and honor. Three acts here,—worship with body, with soul, with goods. Frankincense—a vegetable resin, from a tree, burned for its odors in offering incense; a symbol of prayer. Myrrh—another aromatic gum, which distils from incisions in a small thorny tree; used in embalming the dead. Both are very precious. "Myrrh to a mortal, gold to a king, frankincense to God."

QUESTIONS.

Introductory.—Who wrote the Gospel we now begin to study? Why is it called "the Gospel"? Give some account of Matthew. When and where did he write this Gospel? In what language? Under what government was Judea at this time? Who was emperor of Rome?

SUBJECT: SEEKING AND FINDING THE SAVIOUR.

I. The Birth of Jesus the Messiah (v. 1).—Who was Jesus before he came to this world? Where was he born? How long ago? How long after the creation of Adam? Who was his mother? Where did she live? (Luke 2: 4.) Why did they come to Bethlehem? (Luke 2: 1-4.) How came Jesus to be laid in a manger? Who first heard of his birth? (Luke 2: 8-12.) What song did the angels sing? (Luke 2: 14.)

In what respects was the world specially prepared at this time *for* the *coming* of the Saviour? Meaning of A.D. as applied to our dates. How did it happen that we do not count from the right date? How much out of the way is it? What advantage to the world that Christ came into it as a little child?

II. The Seekers From Afar (vs. 1, 2).—Who came to see the infant Messiah? Who were these wise men? Where did they come from? Was the journey long and hard? How was this coming a proof of their wisdom? Will we, if wise, seek Christ as earnestly? (Matt. 13: 45, 46.) Why did they expect the Messiah? How may they have learned of the time? (Dan. 2: 48, and 9: 24-27.) How were they led to Jerusalem? When did the star appear again? (v. 9.) What things are like this star leading us to Christ? Why is Jesus called "the King of the Jews"? Is he our king?

Was there a general expectation of a great king and new kingdom at this time? Whence did it arise? Was this star a miraculous star, or a bright, natural star, or both?

III. Hinderances Changed Into Helps (vs. 3-8).—Why did the wise men go to Jerusalem first? Who was king of the Jews at this time? Why was he troubled? Why does the coming of Christ's kingdom trouble the wicked? What did Herod do? Who were the scribes? The chief priests? How did they know where the Messiah was to be born? (Mic. 5: 2.) Give some account of Bethlehem. How may small places and people be made great. What were Herod's policy and intentions?

IV. The Messiah Found and Worshipped (vs. 9-12).—How were the wise men guided to the place? Where was Mary and the child? What did the wise men do on their arrival? In what three ways did they worship? What gifts did they bring? What is frankincense? Myrrh? How may giving be an act of worship? What gifts should we bring to Jesus? (Rom. 12: 1; (Prov. 23: 26.) What became of the wise men?

LESSON II.—JULY 10.

Commit Verses 19-21.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He delivered me, because he delighted in me —Ps. 18: 19.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Jesus the Saviour and the example for children.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Matt. 2: 13-23.
T. Hos. 11: 1-12.
W. Jer. 31: 10-17.
Th. Ps. 2: 1-12.
F. Ps. 91: 1-16.
Sa. Luke 2: 39-52.
Su. Eph. 6: 1-18.

Time.—B.C. 4, when Christ was a few weeks old.

Contemporary History.—The census (Luke 2: 1) still in progress. Herod falls sick, and dies at Jericho, April 1, B.C. 4. Archelaus greeted as king, April 2. Riot and massacre of the Jews in the temple at the Passover on April 10th.

Circumstances.—The wise men of the last lesson had returned to their own country, without reporting to Herod. It is probable that Joseph had concluded to make Bethlehem his future residence. He also may have found profitable employment here; but his plans were changed, and to-day's lesson shows how.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

13. When they—the wise men. Flee into Egypt—because Egypt was near; it was a Roman province, but not under Herod. Many Jews lived there, and Joseph could find work at his trade. 14. By night—so that their flight would be concealed from Herod. 15. Until the death of Herod—only a few weeks after, April 1, aged 70. By the prophet—Hosea, chap. 11: 1. Out of Egypt, etc.—originally spoken of the nation of Israel, led from the bondage of Egypt. But the words also have a perfect fulfilment in Christ, who was called out of trouble, out of Egypt, to his promised land and his great work. 16. Mocked—foiled, baffled in his plan. Wroth—angry, in a rage. Slew all the children—male children. Bethlehem had not over 2,000 inhabitants, and therefore not over 25 or 30 male children under two years. 17. Jeremy—Greek form of Jeremiah (31: 15). Coasts—borders, neighborhood. 18. Rama—a little town six miles north of Jerusalem. Here Nebuchadnezzar, after the siege of Jerusalem, B.C. 586, gathered together the captives for transportation to Babylon. There was great mourning. Rama was in the tribe of Benjamin, the son of Rachel, who is represented thus as mourning for her captive children. A like mourning was now heard in Bethlehem, the place where Rachel was buried. 22. Heard that Archelaus did reign—he was the son of Herod, and even more cruel. 23. Spoken by the prophets—not by any one, but the substance of what many had said. Nazareth means shoot or branch, contrasted with a tree. The prophet spoke of Jesus as a branch (Isa. 53: 2; 4: 2; Jer. 23: 5; 33: 15; Zech. 3: 8; 6: 12).

Jesus was called Nazarine, "from Nazareth," because he lived in Nazareth.

For the childhood of Jesus, see Luke 2: 39-52

QUESTIONS.

Introductory.—When was Jesus born? Where? Who came to visit him? From what country? What led them to Jesus? What did they do? What did they give him? Where did the wise men go from Bethlehem? Who remained there? Where had been their home? (Luke 2: 4.)

SUBJECT: THE CHILDREN'S SAVIOUR.

I. The Child in Danger (vs. 13, 16-18).—What danger threatened the child Jesus? Why did Herod wish to destroy him? How was Joseph warned of this danger? What does this teach us about the ministration of angels? (Heb. 1: 14.) What of God's care for his children? How did Herod think the wise men had treated him? What did he do in his anger? How many children were probably slain?

What are some of the dangers to which children are now exposed?

Does God warn us now by angels and dreams? Why is there less need of such methods now than then? In what ways does God speak to us? Will he always guide and guard his children? In what sense are the three Old Testament Scriptures referred to in this lesson prophecies, and in what sense were they fulfilled in Christ?

II. The Child in Safety (vs. 14, 15, 19-22).—Where was Jesus taken for safety? Why would he be safe there? How long did they remain in Egypt? What prophecy was fulfilled by this journey into Egypt? How may God be said to have called all his children out of Egypt? When did Herod die? How did Joseph learn when to return? To what place did he go? Why not to Bethlehem?

III. The Child at Home (v. 23).—Where was Jesus' home? Describe Nazareth. Why was Jesus called a Nazarene? What prophecy was thus fulfilled? How long did Jesus remain at Nazareth? (Luke 3: 23.) What trade did he learn? (Mark 6: 3.) What kind of a boy was he? (Luke 2: 40, 52.) What is said of his obedience to parents? (Luke 2: 51.) What made him attractive to men? What made him pleasing to God? Give one incident of his childhood. (Luke 2: 41-50.) How do we know that he studied the Bible and went to church? In what respects can children now imitate him? What help to them in the fact that Jesus was once a child?

LESSON CALENDAR.

THIRD QUARTER, 1887.

1. July 3.—The Infant Jesus. Matt. 2: 1-12.
2. July 10.—The Flight into Egypt. Matt. 2: 13-23.
3. July 17.—John the Baptist. Matt. 3: 1-12.
4. July 24.—The Baptism of Jesus. Matt. 3: 13-17.
5. July 31.—The Temptation of Jesus. Matt. 4: 1-11.
6. Aug. 7.—Jesus in Galilee. Matt. 4: 17-25.
7. Aug. 14.—The Beatitudes. Matt. 5: 1-16.
8. Aug. 21.—Jesus and the Law. Matt. 5: 17-26.
9. Aug. 28.—Piety Without Display. Matt. 6: 1-15.
10. Sept. 4.—Trust in our Heavenly Father. Matt. 6: 24-34.
11. Sept. 11.—Golden Precepts. Matt. 7: 1-12.
12. Sept. 18.—Solemn Warning. Matt. 7: 13-29.
13. Sept. 25.—Review, Temperance. Rom. 13: 8-14. Missions. Matt. 4: 12-16.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

ORDERING THE HOME.

"My dear," said Charlie to his wife, as they sat in their cosey parlor one evening soon after they had taken possession of their new home, "you are to keep house, of course, now that you have a house to keep, but I don't want you to be a mere housekeeper."

It was one of those domestic conferences which the parties, when newly married, find so delightful, and which for many do not lose their flavor through long years of wedded life. The room was not expensively furnished, but it was bright and cheerful and pretty. But to Charlie's eyes, naturally enough, the chief ornament was the sweet little lady with a bit of embroidery in her hands so that she might be employed while he read aloud. But he had not begun to read yet, for he had something on his mind which he wanted to say.

"You speak like a sage, Charlie," was his wife's answer; "but, as with other sages, your utterance is not as clear to such an ordinary comprehension as mine as you might wish. Aren't you making a distinction without a difference? How can I keep house without being a housekeeper?"

"Well, my sovereign, let your humble servant proceed to enlighten you," said Charlie. "One keeps house when she sees that the wheels of the domestic machinery roll smoothly. She controls their action so that they produce the result of a cheerful and happy home. She has system and order in her management, and the end is peace. She makes a home, and the most joyful hour of the day to her husband is when he enters it at nightfall as a harbor of refuge from the turmoil of business."

"Very pretty, profound sir," said the little wife, who was a bit of a tease, only too tender-hearted and sweet to carry any teasing to the point of wounding any one; "very pretty; but how does this wonderful woman differ at all from a housekeeper, and why are not the ends attained by a housekeeper just as good?"

"Because, madam, they are just as different as can be," the young husband replied. "The woman who keeps house makes it a means, not an end. The mere housekeeper makes it an end, not a means. Do you see?"

"Perhaps I will when you explain a little more," said Nellie, roguishly.

"Well, let me make the matter personal, as Dominie Sparks used to say," continued her husband. "You have been doing very well at keeping house since we set up our establishment—"

"I am profoundly glad to receive your commendation," interjected Mistress Nellie.

"Don't interrupt me," said the husband with mock dignity. "It would have been strange if, under the circumstances, you had not at least done tolerably well—there now! But seriously, Nellie, what I mean is that while you have had the house in order and everything as it should be, you have not been absorbed in your domestic matters so as not to care for other things. And what I want you to guard against is the danger of taking the opposite course and of thinking that everything you have to do is wrapped up in keeping your house in order. Some women are absorbed in mere household routine. They never appear to have a thought above carpets and curtains, raiment and meals. Their house exists, not as the place where a home is to be established, but as a structure containing so many rooms that are to be decorated and furnished and then kept immaculate. Their life is spent in a round of petty cares, and they never take a view of a wider horizon than that which is limited to their household. They are domestic machines, that is all; mere housekeepers, and nothing more."

"How did you find out so much about them, most respected sir?" queried the young wife. "You talk like one of large experience."

"For one way, by keeping my eyes and ears open," was the answer. "I have seen more than one home that was really ruined as a home just because the mistress was so bent on housekeeping. The furniture seemed to exist for the sake of being taken care of. One must walk in perpetual care lest something be disarranged. The housemistress is perpetually careful and troubled about many things, and can never get her mind off from servants and sweetmeats, children and clothes, larder and mending-bag long enough to really think about anything else. She narrows till she ceases to be an intellectual companion for her husband, and then woe to them!"

"A sad picture, indeed, Charlie," said the wife. "I will try, while I take care of your house, not to degenerate into merely your housekeeper. But, lest I may, suppose you read to me as you intended when we sat down. I want to 'keep my mind a-goin',' as old Aunt Betsey used to say. But really, Charlie, you have given me an idea that I am not sure I had thought of in just that way before. I am really obliged to you, dear."—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

TEACH THE BABIES.

In studying the cases of young criminals, it happens with appalling frequency that the beginning of the criminal career may be traced directly to an improper family training—or to the lack of any training. Young criminals coming from the so-called better classes, show that in many families the spirit of obedience to parental authority is entirely wanting, that the boy is father to the man, in a new sense; and the fond father yields to the son's wishes and whims in a way that is perfectly sure to blunt all regard for parental law. I once heard Warden Brush, of Sing-Sing, say: "I never hear a son refuse to obey, but that I say in my heart, the son is on the way to State prison." If I were asked by a father to say what principle before all others he should teach his son, to save him from a criminal life, I should say, teach him obedience. Dwell upon it as the fundamental principle of law and order—human and divine—unquestioning, instant obedience. But, says many a parent: "I have taught obedience always. I have punished my boy often and often for disobedience, and yet he has gone wrong." Let us see, dear disappointed mother and father, if you have taught the spirit of obedience in your family, or whether you have merely taught the letter of its law. How about the babyhood of that boy? There were books and other pretty things upon the parlor table. Mamma said: "No, no; baby mustn't touch them," if baby did touch them, there was no swift-following punishment, certain and sure enough to quicken the memory. There is no law without its penalty, no law in nature, no law upon our statute books—it is a law of law, that penalty follows disobedience. But in our families we every day see mothers and fathers teaching falsely as to this supreme truth. We see punishments promised and not inflicted; and a parent who does such a thing as that, not only weakens the child's regard for law, but writes himself or herself down as a liar in the heart of the child.

It often happens that parents, who have nipped every bud of obedience in the youth of their children, wonder, with groans of agony and tears of shame, why their children have gone astray. It often happens that boys go to prison and to our reformatories, when it should have been the fond and indulgent parents that were made to suffer the penalty of the law; since by their acts they taught their boys that disobedience was a trivial thing, while perhaps they harassed their children to distraction by teaching them the precepts of the law. Men commit crime because they won't obey law, and because they have no faith in the certainty of punishment. These things become part of the moral nature, when they are children, and often enough through the teaching, or lack of teaching, in Christian families. *W. F. M. Round.*

HOMELY HINTS.

Women dread nothing worse than the monotony of washing dishes three times a day, and it is singular that it never has occurred to any one that nothing in the moral law or the constitution of the universe compels washing them oftener than once a day, with a well stocked china closet. Do not lift up hands of horror or doubting, for I tell you this is not only practicable, but practised a long time in some families. Being rather a busy woman, with a good deal of study and gardening to find time for, beside my house-work, I had had to contrive how to do the most with the least effort, and while I do give seven strokes of the broom to every foot of carpet in the weekly sweeping, and thirteen where it is most used, and wipe the tops of window casings and baseboards with a kerosene cloth every time, I don't find it necessary to wash dishes oftener than once a day, nor always that. After each meal the knives and silver are washed in a quart pail of warm suds, and wiped, which is a minute's work, then the dishes neatly scraped and piled in a tub of cold water with a little potash in it, the cups have all grounds rinsed out, and are snugly piled with the rest. All stoneware is filled with water as soon as the contents are taken up and it is brief work to wash them with a chain-cloth, fastened to the wooden handle of an old dishmop, rinse and set to drain in the sun. Pans are washed and whisked through clean water, and set to drain. I never take time to wipe such things when the sun will do it so much better. Outside the window is a broad bracket shelf five feet long, which serves handy uses for cooling baked food and sunning ware. It does not take ten minutes to clear table and wash everything that needs it. The next meal, dishes are added to those in soak, the table and pantry is neat, sweeping and dusting done, and the only thing out of the way in the whole economy is that inoffensive tub of china. Next morning, with a fresh pan of warm suds and white mop, the dishes for perhaps four meals are washed, rinsed and put to drain on the out door shelf in five minutes. When the sweeping is done, they are dry, and are put away. The finest porcelain is dried in this way to suit the most fastidious senses.—*The Congregationalist.*

SUGGESTIONS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

Never put any greasy substance into jars which are to be used for preserves. Jars in which fat is kept should be used for no other purpose.

Honey is now being extensively used in place of sugar in curing hams. It is claimed to give a better and sweeter flavor to meat, and it is believed that honey-cured hams will some day take the place of "sugar-cured."

To revive carpets by sweeping, strew fresh-cut grass over the carpet and let it remain a few minutes before sweeping, which should be done with a tolerably stiff broom. Fresh grass prevents dust from arising, and imparts to the carpet a bright and fresh appearance.

To renew stale bread, spread a good-sized cloth at the steamer and lay in any dry biscuit or slices of light bread you may have. Cover closely with the cloth, which will absorb superfluous moisture, and steam ten or fifteen minutes. The bread will be almost as fresh as when new.

If the necessity of cutting hot bread be imperative, the moist unpleasantness may be avoided by using a warm knife for the purpose. The heating of the steel prevents chill, which causes the sodden look so well known to those who have been compelled to cut the warm loaf. A doiley should be laid upon the plate upon which the slices are placed.

Iron or steel immersed for a few minutes in a solution of carbonate of potash or soda will not rust for years, even when exposed to a damp atmosphere. To preserve polished iron-work from rust, mix some copal varnish with as much olive oil as will make it greasy, to which add nearly as much spirits of turpentine, and apply. To clean rust off iron or brass (when the latter is not gilt or lacquered), mix tripoli with half its quantity of sulphur and lay it on with a piece of leather, or emery and oil will answer the same purpose. If steel be rusty, oil it and let it remain two or three days, then wipe it dry with clean rags and polish with flour-emery, pumice-stone, powdered or unslacked lime.—*Godey's Lady's Book.*

RECIPES.

Cooked Celery.—Cut the celery into small pieces and boil it until soft. The patient should drink the water in which it is cooked. Serve the celery hot on toast. *It is said to be a specific for rheumatism.*

Beefsteak Pie.—Select flank or rump steak for this dish. Cut the meat in two-inch pieces about an inch wide; season them with salt, white pepper, and minced parsley, dredge with flour. Wash, peel, and cut in long, thin pieces half the quantity of potatoes. Line a baking-dish with paste; add one long, thin strip of bacon, then the steak alternated with layers of the potato; add gravy or broth enough to keep the contents moist; cover with a top crust, brush a little egg over it, and bake until quite brown on top.

Fried Chicken, Cream Sauce.—Select a spring chicken, clean it nicely, and divide it into four pieces. Put two ounces of butter in a frying-pan, and when hot add the chicken, which should have been seasoned with salt and pepper, and roll in or rather dredge with flour. Fry the chicken to a golden brown; arrange the pieces neatly on a dish, pour the following sauce round them, and serve; dissolve a tablespoonful of flour in a gill of cold milk, and add to it half a pint of lukewarm milk. Slightly melt an ounce of butter; add a little salt and pepper; whisk the milk into the butter, and when thick serve with the chicken.

Minced Turkey with Poached Eggs.—A very appetizing dish is made of cold boiled or roast turkey. Trim off all skin and most of the fat, especially that on the back; pick out the little tid-bits in the recesses. Cut off all that will not look neat when sliced cold. Season with salt and pepper and a tablespoonful or two of minced celery, chop up the meat, put it in a pan with a little butter or turkey fat to prevent burning, and just a suspicion of onion. Moisten with a little broth made from the turkey bones. Poach one or two eggs for each person; arrange the minced meat neatly on slices of buttered toast, place the egg on top and serve. The above mode of preparing a breakfast-dish is not only economical, but produces one of the most delightful dishes that can be made. Almost any kind of boiled or roast meats and poultry or game can be utilized in this way.

Broiled Shad.—There is no article of food that is so easily and completely ruined by ignorance on the part of the cook as fish. A male shad is always superior. If you are fond of the roes buy them separately. The first essential is that the fish should be fresh; if the eyes are clear, the gills red, and the fins stiff, you are safe in purchasing. Use a double gridiron, heat it, and rub the bars with a bit of suet before laying on the fish. Broil them ten or fifteen minutes, according to the size. If you turn the fish frequently it need not be scorched in the least. It is done when the bone will lift readily from the flesh. Of course a shad must be split down the back for broiling. Fry the melt and mash it with a teaspoonful of butter, a teaspoonful each of lemon-juice and chopped parsley, and salt and pepper to taste. Raise the bone of the thick half of the fish, and spread half of the sauce over the fish, replacing the bone; spread the remaining sauce over the thinner half and place in the oven for a moment. Asparagus, in season, is always the proper accompaniment of shad.

Spiced Rhubarb.—Some one asks for my recipe for spiced rhubarb, and now that it is in season others who are fond of spiced relishes, may wish to prepare some to serve with meats during the early summer months when it is not always possible to procure fruits, etc. Peel and slice the rhubarb, and weigh it. Put it in porcelain kettle, and place where it will heat very gradually, until the juice flows freely. No water should be added. Then bring forward on the stove and boil gently for half an hour. Dip out about half the juice in a dish (not tin) which should be kept warm. Now add to the cooked fruit one half pound of sugar for each pound of rhubarb used, and also to each pound allow one teaspoonful of cloves and two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon. Stir well and if you like it stronger add more spice, but this amount makes it sufficiently spicy for most tastes. Should it be too thick, reduce with a little of the warm juice, the mixture should not be quite so thick as jam. Simmer for ten minutes and pour into glass fruit jars. Screw on the tops closely, and when cool wrap each jar in thick paper and keep in a cool, dry place.—*Household.*

PUZZLES.

CROSSWORD ENIGMA.

My first is in simple, but not in neat;
My second in beauty, but not in sweet;
My third is in May, but not in Lillie;
My fourth is in Max, but not in Willie;
My fifth is in beat, but not in whip;
My sixth is in brig, but not in ship;
My whole is a time when children play,
And sit on the grass and sing all day.

SCRIPTURE MOTTO ACROSTIC FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

1. The mother of Joseph and Benjamin.
2. The prophet who was taken to heaven in a chariot of fire.
3. A strong man.
4. A city famed for its purple dye.
5. The prophet who spoke most of our Saviour.
6. A city where our Lord lived in childhood.
7. The orator who accused Paul.
8. The Jews' enemy who was hanged on the gallows he made for another.
9. The young man who fell asleep when Paul was preaching.
10. The father-in-law of Jacob.
11. Naomi's daughter-in-law.
12. The city where Paul was put to death.
13. The good man thrown into the lions' den.

CONUNDRUMS.

When I have taken a needed meal why am I like Iris leaves? Because I am glad I ate (gladiate).

If every particle of moisture be removed from the letter N, what great man will it make? Dryden (dried N).

Why is an onion like an apothecary? It will make your eye water (eye-water).

What two letters are like grist-mills? F and L, for they make our flour.

Why is a school teacher like a man who was formerly a carpenter? He is an explainer (explaner).

If I lend you five water pitchers, why is it right for you to claim them as your own? They are all ewers (yours).

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST NUMBER.

Buried Cities.—1. Troy, 2. Saratoga, 3. Paris, 4. London, 5. Athens, 6. Venice, 7. Dover.

Charades.—1. Plum pudding, 2 catalogue. 3. Blackberry.

The Family Circle.

OUT OF TRIBULATION.

Dost thou feel the slings and arrows
  By outrageous fortune cast?
Do they cloud thy sky with sorrows,
  And embitter all thy past?

Art thou growing weary-hearted
  With the strife that will not cease?
Dost thou think thy soul hath parted,
  For all time, with joy and peace?

Think not thus. Though toils environ,
  Others have the same withstood;
'Tis by constant blows that iron
  Grows more powerful for good.

Every tree is fuller fruited,
  For the wound of pruning-shears:
Every tree is firmer rooted,
  For the tempests of the years.

If the fire that burns thee sorely
  Be indeed a fiery cross,
It refines thee, slowly, surely,
  Cleansing all thy gold of dross.

And the perfect man is builded
  Faster in the evil day;
Every loss a cornice gilded,
  Every care a stronger stay.

So that, though the world grows colder,
  And thy bosom friends be less,
Thou to every true beholder
  Shalt increase in comeliness.

So that, out of tribulation,
  Thou shalt have more perfect light,
And a fuller compensation
  For the darkness of the night.

—*The Quiver.*

MILLY.

BY JENNIE HOWARD BEMAN.

"Way down upon de Swawne Ribber,
  Far, far away;
Dar's whar my heart am turnin' ebber,
  Dar's whar de old folks stay."

Clear as a bird-song, the voice floated in through the open, vine-shaded window, where sat Edith Morgan and her aunt, Mrs. Hayward, who had just come from Massachusetts, to visit at this comfortable Western home.

"Why, Edith!" exclaimed the elder of the two ladies, "have you a little Negro here? I thought old Hannah was all you took West." Edith flushed slightly, but smiled, saying: "No, Auntie; your critical ears deceived you this time. That was our Milly."

"Indeed! A voice like that in a white child is worthy of cultivation. Does she sing other songs with equal pathos?"

"I must confess, Auntie," replied Edith, "that her music is mostly confined to Negro melodies, which she has learned from Hannah; but she sings them all with great fervor. Really, Auntie, I hardly know what to do with Milly. I have hoped your coming might help me out of the quandary. Since mamma's death, she has been under no control at all. Papa thinks whatever she does is just right, and so, of course, permits her to follow her own inclinations." Here the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Milly herself. She did not look like a "tom-boy," for she was a sweet-faced, demure little maiden.

"Milly," said her sister, "Aunt Hayward thought you were a little darkey when she heard you sing." An irresistible smile broke over the pretty face, and the red lips parted, revealing two rows of pearly teeth. She held out two little sunburned paws, saying: "Not quite so bad as that, Auntie, though I am tanned 'most black enough, Edith says, and my head is 'most woolly enough." And she shook back her tangled curls.

"How would you like to go back to Boston with me, and take lessons in singing?" asked Mrs. Hayward. Milly opened her eyes wide with astonishment.

"Why, Auntie, I don't need to learn to sing. I always knew how. I thought you had heard me."

"You see how she is," said Edith. "When she makes up her mind to anything, there is no changing her. She never storms or acts naughty, like other children; but she will say, with the air of a sage: 'No, Edith, I can't! I ought not to!' or, 'Yes, Edith, I must! I ought to!' and there she will stay. Papa says she is made of the same metal as heroes and martyrs, and I don't know but he is right."

Mrs. Hayward remained in her brother's home from early June until August, and every day Milly grew more and more into her heart, till the childless woman felt that she must have the little Western flower to brighten her city home. But Milly was firm in her refusal.

"I cannot leave papa!" she would say. "He has the first claim on me."

One day in the summer, she had gone some distance from home, to pick berries, when there arose one of those terrible storms so common in some parts of the West; lightning and rain, accompanied by a furious wind. While the family were in great distress over Milly's absence, she came galloping home on a pet cow. When questioned, she answered:

"I heard Brindle's bell just before the storm came on, and I knew the cows were all going down to the Fork to drink and their path leads right through the berry-path. So I waited a minute or two, till they came filing along, and then jumped right on Brindle's back. I knew by the clouds that we were going to have a blow; and I thought she was so big the wind couldn't carry her off, and I meant to hug her tight and lie low, so I wouldn't blow away. And you see I succeeded. My berries are all right, though," she added, gayly. "I hid them in an old hollow cottonwood tree, and I'll go and get them after the storm is over."

"Were you not frightened?" asked Edith, as she helped Milly change the drenched clothing.

"Yes, Edie, I was," she answered, soberly, "and I prayed a little prayer; but I didn't forget to cling tight."

At length the time came for the Boston aunt to go home. It was arranged that Edith should accompany her father, as he drove with his sister the thirty miles to the city, where she was to take the eastern-bound train. They were to remain a day in town, for the purpose of shopping, returning on the third. As Mr. Morgan kissed his pet daughter good-bye, he said playfully: "Now, Pussy, you must take good care of things while papa is gone."

"I will, papa," was the earnest reply.

"I dislike to go away," continued her father. "Everything is very dry and there have been fires west of us; but Patrick and Hannah are faithful and you are worth a half dozen any day."

"Don't worry, papa, dear," said Milly, gayly. "Just go and have a good time. We shall be all right."

The morning of the third day was clear and pleasant. A breeze from the opposite direction during the night had blown away the smoke, and with it went the fear from the heart of the poor old black woman. Pat, too, was in good spirits, though, in his way, he had been as lugubrious as Hannah. So they all went to work with a good will. Pat was re-shingling a barn; Hannah was baking, for she declared she must do "heaps o' cookin'" before "Mars' Morgan and Miss Edith" should come; and Milly was acting as little maid of all work to the sable cook. She washed dishes, buttered pie-plates and cake-tins, occasionally leaving her work to dart into the sitting-room, to assure herself that everything was in order for the home-coming of her loved ones.

"Gwine to ride up in de chariot
  Sooner in de mornin'"

she sang. But hark! What was that? A cry of terror or distress. She flew to the door, followed by Hannah. They saw Patrick crawling toward the house on his hands and knees.

"The prairie is on fire!" he shouted, adding, immediately: "Howly Mother, be merciful! for it's helpless I am intirely."

The prairie was, indeed, on fire, though at some distance. Pat, from his perch on the barn, had spied it, and, in his haste to get down and give the alarm, had slipped on the ladder and fallen to the ground, severely spraining an ankle.

"Ye must burrn a sthreak, Miss Milly, and jist as quick as iver ye can, for the fire is a-coomin' like an express thrain."

Milly understood—she had often heard of it—and already the matches and some bits of paper were in her hand.

"Where, Pat?" she called.

"Out forninst yon wire-fince. I'll dhraw wather, and Hannah must carry it till ye, to shprinkle the ground this side yer fire." And Patrick dragged himself painfully to the well.

Milly did as she was told and everything succeeded bravely. The fright had a wonderful effect on Hannah's rheumatic limbs, and she carried water on the double quick.

On came the great fire, nearer and nearer, Milly could hear the roaring and hissing of the flame, the trampling and snorting of horses, and the bellowing of cattle, as they raced for life.

At the right and left of her fire they passed, but the child scarcely noticed them. She dimly saw, through the smoke, several gaunt prairie wolves dash by; but it seemed perfectly natural and she had no thought of fear. She was saving her home.

With wet blankets she whipped back the fire, when it threatened to come where it should not. At last, she had the satisfaction of seeing so wide a belt of burnt land between her home and the great fire that she felt sure they were safe, and she started to seek a refuge from the blinding smoke in the house her efforts had saved; but, borne on the wind, far up in mid-air, came sailing a blazing mass of straw, and, to Milly's horror, it fell on the house-roof. With almost superhuman swiftness, she ran toward the new scene of danger. Up the stairs she darted, catching, as she ran, a broom. From a dormer window she climbed out on the roof, and with her broom shoved the flaming straw to the ground, where it was quenched by Pat.

Hannah was by this time at the open window, with water, for Milly to pour on the now blazing roof. She caught a pail and dashed the contents on the flame, unheeding that her own clothing was on fire; but Hannah saw, and, seizing a bed-quilt, she climbed out of the window, almost as quickly as Milly herself had done, and wrapped it about her pet, to smother the flame. Hannah had done her best, but before she reached her the calico dress was burned literally off, as was nearly all her clothing. The blaze was easily extinguished, but it had done its work.

Their hearts clouded with terror and foreboding, Mr. Morgan and Edith drove toward home that afternoon over the blackened desert, that had been so beautiful but two days before. The shadow lifted as they came in sight of the cozy farm-house, standing safe in an oasis of green.

"Thank God!" said Mr. Morgan, and Edith responded "Amen!"

But when they reached home they found sorrow enthroned, awaiting them. Milly—wise, gentle, brave Milly—burned almost past recognition, lay upon the bed, her charred curls blackening the pillow. The father and sister saw that it was too late for remedies. Milly was dying! She did not appear to suffer, but lay unconscious, though at intervals she murmured little snatches of the hymns she loved best. Suddenly she sang, and her voice was clear and strong as ever:

"De chariot! de chariot! its wheels roll in fire."

A long silence followed, broken only by the labored breathing of the little martyr. Then she sang, softly and slowly:

"Swing low, sweet chariot, comin'—for to—
  carry—"

The heart-broken watchers listened to catch the remaining words; but they never were sung, unless, it may be, the strain was finished in the upper home.

Unseen, the mystic chariot had swung low.—*New York Independent.*

SOWING THE WIND.

BY DR. JOHN HALL.

"My child!" says Mrs. A——, "I do not wish you to go with the Thompson children. They are very good, no doubt, but they are not just the kind for you. There are the De Lancey's now; they are such nicely brought up children; I wish you to be friends with them." And so the simple, unaffected children of Mrs A—— get their first lesson in worldliness. They are to cut the Thompsons whom they like, and they are to cultivate the De Lancey's whom they do not like, but whom mother recommends for reasons which the youthful mind readily guesses.

Ten years pass. Mrs. A—— is in widow's weeds. She is consulting a friend of her late husband as to what she shall do with Charley. Listen to her once more.

"I would be glad to get him sent away anywhere. Young De Lancey has led him into such a reckless and extravagant life, that he cares for nothing, and will do anything now to get money. He is my greatest sorrow. Ah, sir! a living sorrow is the worst grief." Poor Mrs. A——! It is her sad harvest-time.

"Well, for my part, I don't approve of such strictness. I like my children to enjoy themselves, and I see no harm in a play. I feel as good, for my part, in a theatre as I do anywhere else." Mrs. B—— was sincere, and probably correct in this remark, and she acted upon it, and now and then took her boy Harry to the theatre. It was very nice to both, and she brought him safely home. And when Harry went to business in New York, which could boast of a stage such as his native city poorly rivalled, he saw no harm in spending his nights in the same manner. He made friends; he found his way to the bar-room, to other rooms, and to such company as they presented. He needed money. He had little principle. Any time that might have been given to sober reflection is impossible.

Several years pass, and here is a distracted line from Harry:

MY DARLING MOTHER,—It breaks my heart to say good-bye to you—but I must. I am ruined; and if I stayed, would be arrested. I go off to-night—where, you will hear if I have any better luck.

I am your unfortunate son, HARRY.

That is Mrs. B——'s melancholy harvest.

"Money! at all risks, I must make money, and keep it too, when I have it." So said Mr. D——, a young man of steady habits, with a cold, gray eye and a narrow forehead. He came from the village of Westfield, where his parents lived; but he did not go to it; to go cost money. He gave no gifts; it cost money. He made no friends; they cost money. He joined no church; it cost money. He supported no charities; they took money. And so Mr. D—— sowed the whole field of his life with wind.

Forty-five years pass. Mr. D—— is old and sick. He has sore trouble of mind. His one servant is faithful, but wants his money, he suspects. His "man of business charges high," and he is now getting a will made by a sharp attorney who scented the prey from afar, who will do anything he is asked while his client lives, and pays himself when he is dead. And there he is dying. Sympathy from man he never sought. He sought money. Grace from God he never sought. He sought money. And there he lies without love from earth or hope from heaven. The harvest is as the seed.

But one has not always to wait so long. Here is a corner of a harvest-field for example. "I am very sorry to say it," says old Mrs. G——, "but I have little comfort in my children. They did not marry the kind of persons I would like; and when people marry, they generally go with those they join; and somehow, they do not think much about their mother." Now let us go back fifteen years. Then after a period of hard work to bring up the children, Mrs. G—— having attained to some means and comfort, resolved to have "society" and "life" for her children. She drew about her people of like mind, old-fashioned morals were laughed at in her parlors, and "modern" ways were introduced. Some pious friends drew off in consequence, but their place was more than filled by others. The associations so formed grew closer. One daughter married in haste, and soon obtained a divorce. The sons united themselves to women who do not believe in the old-fashioned obligation to honor one's mother, especially when it is a mother-in-law. And the youngest daughter is "engaged" to a man of "varied accomplishments," who is a scoffer. They will be married as soon as he can get something to do. The seed was sown in worldly ambition; the harvest is gathered in heartless disappointment. Oh parents, who make your children pass through the fire of fashionable folly, in the hope of advancing them in life, ye know not what ye do.

A STRAW VILLA.—At the forthcoming American Exhibition, Earl's Court, London, there is to be exhibited a villa made of straw-timber—that is to say, of straw compressed into an artificial wood. The villa will be two and a half stories high, of artistic design, and both fire-proof and water proof. Every part of it—walls, foundations, floors, roofing, chimneys—is to be made from straw.

THE SKY LARK.

The above is a fair illustration of the appearance of the sky lark when soaring aloft in full song. The natives of motherland will cherish with fond remembrance the sweet notes of this beautiful bird. Sailors coming to this port frequently bring them out with them and obtain fair prices for their trouble. They stand the voyage well, being hardy, but the greatest difficulty in this country is to provide them during our long winter season with a sod of clover or grass. Without it they do not thrive or sing well and will soon pine away if deprived of this —their natural element. It is difficult to find their nests in the old country although most people think the male bird rises into the air, singing as he ascends over the nest upon which his mate is sitting. This is not so, for he cunningly rises a considerable distance from the point where the nest is located and returns in the same manner keeping his head low down in the grass so that he will not be seen making his way to and from it. The nest is usually built on the ground in a tuft of over-hanging grass and the female sits so close that she will not get off at the approach of footsteps unless she is almost trodden upon.

An exchange paper writing about the sky lark says:

"If you were to walk through an Old Country meadow on a fine spring or summer morning, most likely you would be surprised at a brown, plain-looking bird rising almost at your feet, and swiftly ascending in the sky, in an almost perpendicular direction, singing as it went, now low and sweet, gradually growing louder and more thrilling as it ascended in what may be termed jumps of flight, until growing less and less distinct, it is soon lost to sight, and is only recognized by the sweet notes which reach the ear almost like an echo. You walk on a few yards or may be more, and you soon notice that the bird's song seems to become more and more distinct, until in a few minutes you perceive him flitting in the blue sky overhead. Down, down, down, louder and louder and louder becomes the music until at last it ends in one grand, full, sweet note, as the songster sinks into the sward at your feet.

"Friends, if you have never heard the sky lark in his native home, enjoying his native freedom, you have missed one of the richest treats that a bountiful Creator has ever provided for man' s enjoyment."

"The sky lark makes an excellent cage bird and is easily kept for a number of years."

"The cage should be provided with a semicircular extension in front, in which a sod of grass or clover should be placed, and renewed as frequently as possible, every day if it can be managed. The bottom of the cage should be plentifully strewn with sharp sand or grit, and kept clean, as this bird being a non-percher, its feet very soon get clogged with dirt and filth. The roof of the cage should be lined with wadding, or a false roof of linen put in, as the bird is apt to injure itself when flying up, as it instinctively does. Its food should consist principally of oatmeal and bread crumbs with a little raw meat grated, and whole hemp seed may also be supplied. It is very fond of meal worms, and an occasional treat of a few will render it tame and induce it to sing more freely."

"The bird delights to be hung outside in the air."

THE SKY LARK.

FA YING.

BY MRS. A. H. LEONOWENS.

The dearest and most attractive child among my pupils at the Siamese court was the little princess Somdetch Chowfa Ying Bhandrmondol—Her Royal Highness, the First Born of the Skies; best known in the palace by her pet name of Chowfa Ying.

She was just seven years of age when I first saw her. She did not present herself at the English school on the first day of its opening, but appeared with the royal children on the second morning.

She had large, soft, dark eyes, filled with the light of a tender trustfulness, which was very winning; her skin was a clear and beautiful olive, with a most delicate blush on her cheek that heightened its transparency and beauty.

She won my heart almost immediately, and we became warm friends in a few months.

Whenever she was tired of study, she would jump into my lap, and nestling close into my arms, she would say,—

"Tell me more—tell me all about your beautiful Jesus!" and after I had repeated to the rapt, attentive little listener some story of His love and goodness, she would smile and pat my cheeks and say,—

"I, too, little Fa Ying, I love your sacred Jesus much, much. Do He love me a little, very little? I no got mother, poor little Fa Ying! Could He love her too?"

She said to me one day,

"Will you teach me to draw? It is so much more pleasant to sit by you than to go to my Sanscrit class. My Sanscrit teacher is not like my English teacher; she punishes me by bending my hands back when I make any mistakes; I don't like Sanscrit, I like English. There are so many pretty pictures in your books. Will you take me to England with you, Mamcha (mam dear)?" pleaded the engaging little prattler, patting me on the cheek, and caressing me all the while.

"I am afraid Her Majesty will not let you go with me," I replied.

"Oh yes, he will!" said the child, with smiling confidence. "He lets me do as I like. You know I am the Somdetch Chowfa Ying; he loves me best of all, he will let me go."

"I am glad to hear it, my darling," said I, "and very glad that you love English and drawing. Let us go up and ask His Majesty if you may learn drawing instead of Sanscrit."

With sparkling eyes and a happy smile, she sprang from my lap, and seizing my hand eagerly, said, "Oh yes, let us go now!"

We went, and our request was granted.

Never did teaching seem more like pleasure than it did to me, as I sat day after day, with this eager child, drawing herself, as the humor seized her, or watching me draw; sometimes listening to me, her large, questioning eyes fixed wistfully upon my face, as I led her gently out of the shadow-land of idols and myths into the realm of purity and truth.

Such was my beloved pupil, little Fa Ying, as I called her. Her mother was the late Queen Consort. In dying, she left three sons and this one daughter, who won her way to her father's heart by the charm of her fearless innocence and trustfulness, her sprightly intelligence and changeful grace.

One morning, in the month of May, 1863, the sunshine was flickering on the silver ripples, and gilding the boats of the market-people as they softly glided up and down the beautiful river Meinam to the lazy swing of their oars. As my boy and I gazed on this strangely picturesque scene, there swept across the river a royal barge filled with slaves, who the moment they landed hurried up to me.

"My lady," they cried, "there is cholera in the inner city! Three slaves are lying dead in the princesses' court, and Her Royal Highness, the lovely Chowfa Ying, was seized this morning. She sends for you; she only wants to see you. Oh, come, come to her quickly!" and with that they put into my hands a scrap of paper; it was from His Majesty.

"My Dear Mam,—Our well-beloved daughter, your favorite pupil, is attacked with cholera and has earnest desire to see you; and is heard to make frequent repetition of your name. I beg that you will favor her wish. I fear her illness is mortal, as there have been three deaths since morning. She is best beloved of my children.

I am your afflicted friend,
S.S. P.P. Maha Mongtrut."

In a moment I was in my boat. I entreated, I flattered, I scolded the rowers; how slow they were! how strong the opposing current! and my little darling was dying. And when I did reach those heavy gates how slowly they moved, with what suspicious caution they admitted me! I was almost fierce with agony and impatience. And when at last I stood panting and breathless at the door of my Fa Ying's chamber—too late—even Dr. Campbell (the surgeon of the British Consulate) had come too late.

With breaking heart and eyes overflowing with tears, I crept near to the little dying princess's bed; she opened her eyes, put out her arms. I clasped her close to my breast; she nestled closer, then became very still. When I looked again my darling was dead.

I cannot tell you the sorrow that swept over me. We laid her on the bed. Her relatives began to repeat "P'hra Arahang! P'hra Arahang!" one of the most sacred names of their teacher the Buddha, in the dead child's ear, to remind her soul to go to heaven and not forget the way.

Alas! she would not now forget her way. She would never more lose herself on the road to heaven. Beyond and above the P'hra Arahang she had soared into the eternal, tender arms of the sacred Jesus, of whom she was wont to say in her infantine wonder and eagerness, "*Mam cha chan rak P'hra Jesumak*" (Mam dear, I love your holy Jesus much).

As I stooped to imprint a parting kiss on the dear little face that had been so sweet and fair and lovely to me, her relations and slaves exchanged their wild cries of P'hra Arahang for a sudden burst of heart-rending groans and piercing shrieks. An attendant hurried me to the king. The moment I entered his presence he read the sad tidings in my silence and tears. He covered his face with his hands and wept passionately. Strange and terrible were the tears of such a man. Bitterly he bewailed his darling, calling her by such tender, touching epithets as the lips of loving Christian mothers use. What could I say of my loss, my sorrow? What could I do but weep with him and then steal quietly away and leave the King to the Father?

It was not until the following day that the King recovered from the convulsion of grief into which the death of his sweet little daughter had plunged him.

The first ray of the morning sun had not yet beamed forth when he rose from his royal couch, sad and stricken, and proceeded, habited in pure white, with all his household also robed in white, which is the color sacred to all solemn and religious observances among the Siamese,—to visit the chamber of death.

In the centre of a great and magnificent hall, on a white satin cushion, fringed with a heavy gold border, lay the dead body of my darling little pupil.

Speechless and with trembling lips, the royal father entered the apartment, took gently in his arms of love the little corpse of our dead darling, and bathed it by pouring seven times cold water upon it. In this he was followed by other members of the royal family, then the most distant relatives, and lastly, such ladies of the harem as chanced to be in waiting. Each advanced in the order of rank, and poured pure cold water from a silver bowl over the lifeless but still beautiful form of the little princess.

Two sisters of the King then shrouded the corpse in a sitting posture, wrapping it tightly in long strips of waxed linen cloth. They then overlaid it with perfumes and odoriferous gums, frankincense and myrrh, and lastly covered it with a fine winding-sheet.

When this was done, every person crept towards the dead body and took a formal leave of it by repeating, "*Pi sa-vang, nah* Chowfa Ying, *cha*;" (Thou art gone to heaven, Chowfa Ying, dear.)

After the leave-taking was over, three young maidens, dressed in pure white, brought in two golden urns; the body was then deposited in the smaller of the two urns; and this again was put into the other, which was larger and of finer gold, richly adorned with precious stones. The inner urn has an iron grating at the bottom, and the outer one a small opening at its extreme end. Through this opening, by means of a stop-cock, the fluids of the body are drawn off and consumed by fire. This is done until the corpse has become quite dry, so as to burn up readily.

These preparations were to me dreadfully harrowing, but I solaced myself by thinking that these heathenish practices would in no way disturb the sweet rest and tranquillity to which my darling had been called by her loving Father in Heaven.

At length this double urn, crowned with a high tapering cover, was placed on a gilt sedan. Over it was held a similarly-formed gilt umbrella, and then carried in state to the temple of the Maha Phrasaal, or the Temple of Ancestors. Here it was mounted on a high platform, surrounded with lighted tapers and tall candles, with fragrant oil lamps hanging from the ceilings. These lights burn night and day for the space of six months, so careful are they watched and renewed. All the insignia belonging to the rank of the poor little dead princess were placed in formal array as though at her feet.

The body was not left alone. A great many religious ceremonies had to be gone through before it would be ready for the fire. Three times every day, at early dawn, at noon, and at twilight, the musicians and priests came to chant hymns and to pray for the soul of the dead. There are also hired mourning women, who scream, and shout, and beat their breasts, bewailing the early dead. Then came four priests, who chant the praises of the Buddha instead of the dead child, and so make merit for the departed one.

The gold urn was placed in an ivory chariot, richly gilt, and was drawn by a pair of milk-white horses to the phra-mene, or cremation temple. We all took our places behind the ivory chariot. Then came the priests, and finally hundreds of men and women, clad in pure white. These were followed by chariots laden with sacred sandal wood, aromatic gums, and wax tapers. Then came a long procession of mythological figures drawn on small wooden wheels.

Arrived at the phra-mene, the dried body was laid on a bed of fragrant sandal wood and aromatic gums, connected with a train of gunpowder, which the royal father ignited. Then every one of the royal family lighted their candles and laid them on the pyre and in a few moments, the body was entirely consumed.

When the fire had quite burned itself out, all that remained of the bones, charred and blackened, was carefully gathered and put into a little gold pagoda-shaped urn, and carried to the temple of ancestors, where it still remains. The ashes were also collected in a gold dish, and carried down the river by a procession of barges. Here the priests formed a circle of lighted torches, and scattered the ashes once more through fire into the waters.—*Youth's Companion.*

A FLIGHT WITH THE SWALLOWS.

BY EMMA MARSHALL.

(Children's Friend.)

CHAPTER IX.—*(Continued.)*

Between Stefano and Ingleby no great friendship subsisted, and when she returned alone from the Villa Lucia, he said—

"Where's the little signora, then?"

"Where? you may well ask! gone up one of those steep mountains to Colla on a donkey."

"*Si!* well, and why not?"

"Why not? because it is very dangerous, and I think fellows who take other people's children from them ought at least to give notice of it."

"*Si!* well," was Stefano's rejoinder, "that's a fine ride up to Colla, and there are more books there than there are days in the year, and pictures, and—"

"Come now, Stefano," his wife called, "it is time to stop thy talking, and to get the luncheon ready. Gone to Colla, do you say, Mrs. Ingleby?—a very pretty excursion; and there high up in the heart of the hills is a wonderful library of books, and many fine pictures, collected by a good priest, who starved himself to buy them and store them there."

But Ingleby was not to be interested in any details of the library at Colla, which is visited with so much delight by many who spend a winter in San Remo. She was anxious about Dorothy, and Stefano said—

"It will be wonderful if they are home before sunset."

"Home before sunset," exclaimed poor Ingleby; "well, I should think Mrs. Crawley will have sense enough for that. Though I don't think much of her wisdom, spoiling that baby of three years old as she does."

Stefano chuckled.

"Ah, *si!* but others are spoiled, as well as *Bambino Bobbo.*"

Ingleby had now to go to Mrs. Acheson, and tell her that Dorothy was not coming home to luncheon.

As this often happened when she stayed at Lady Burnside's, Mrs. Acheson was not anxious. Ingleby kept back the expedition to Colla, and Mrs. Acheson asked no questions then.

But as the afternoon wore on, and Dorothy did not return, escorted as usual by Willy and Irene Packingham, Mrs. Acheson told Ingleby she had better go to Lady Burnside and bring Dorothy home with her.

"I have not seen the child today," she said, "except when I was half asleep, when she came to wish me a 'Happy New Year!' And this present has arrived for her from her uncle at Coldchester. Look, Ingleby; is it not sweet? I could not resist peeping into the box. Won't she be delighted?"

The box contained two little figures like dormice, with long tails and bright eyes, in a cosy nest. The head of each little mouse opened, and then inside one was the prettiest little scent-bottle you can imagine, and inside the other a pair of scissors, with silver handles, and a tiny thimble on a little crimson velvet cushion.

How Ingleby wished Dorothy Dormouse whose name was written on the card tied to the box, was there, I cannot tell you; but how little did Ingleby or any one else guess where she was at that moment!

Ingleby put off going to the Villa Lucia till the last moment, and arrived at the gate just as the donkeys came merrily along the road.

Francesco could not resist the delight of sending them all at full trot for the last quarter of a mile, and Crawley, grasping Baby Bob tightly with one arm, and with her other hand holding the pommel of the saddle, jogged up and down like any heavy dragoon soldier; while Irene, and Willy, and Ella, and the Meredithe came on urging their tired steeds, and asking Crawley if it was not "jolly to canter," while poor Crawley, breathless and angry, gasped out that she had a dreadful stitch in her side, and that she would never mount a donkey again.

Marietta came on behind, with the ends of her scarlet handkerchief on her head flapping in the wind, and though apparently not hurrying herself, she took such strides with her large, heavily-shod feet, that she was soon at the gate.

There was the usual bustle of dismounting, and some scolding from Crawley, and a few sharp raps administered by Marietta to Francesco for making the donkeys canter; while poor Ingleby's excited questions were not even noticed.

"Miss Dorothy—where is Miss Dorothy?—do you hear me, Miss Packingham?—do you hear me, Master Willy?—speak, won't you? has she fallen off one of these brutes?—is she—is she—Master Willy—Miss Ella—Miss Irene?"

Then Ella turned from giving a parting pat to her donkey, and seeing Ingleby's distressed face, said—

"Dorothy did not come with us; she is not hurt?"

"Oh! Miss Ella, Miss Ella!" exclaimed poor Ingleby, holding up her hands and sinking back against the wall. "Oh, Miss Ella, Miss Ella! oh! Miss Irene!"

"Why, what is the matter, Mrs. Ingleby?" said Crawley, who had set down Baby Bob to toddle into the house, and was settling the payment for the donkeys with Marietta. "Why, you look like a ghost."

"Miss Dorothy! Miss Dorothy!"

"Well, she is safe enough, isn't she?"

"No," said Ingleby; "she is gone! she is lost! she is lost!—and oh, what will become of me?"

"Lost!" the children all repeated; "she can't be lost. And then they all ran into the house, and Lady Burnside who was sitting with Constance in the room upstairs, came hurriedly down.

"What do you say?—little Dorothy has not been with you to Colla? She must have gone home, then."

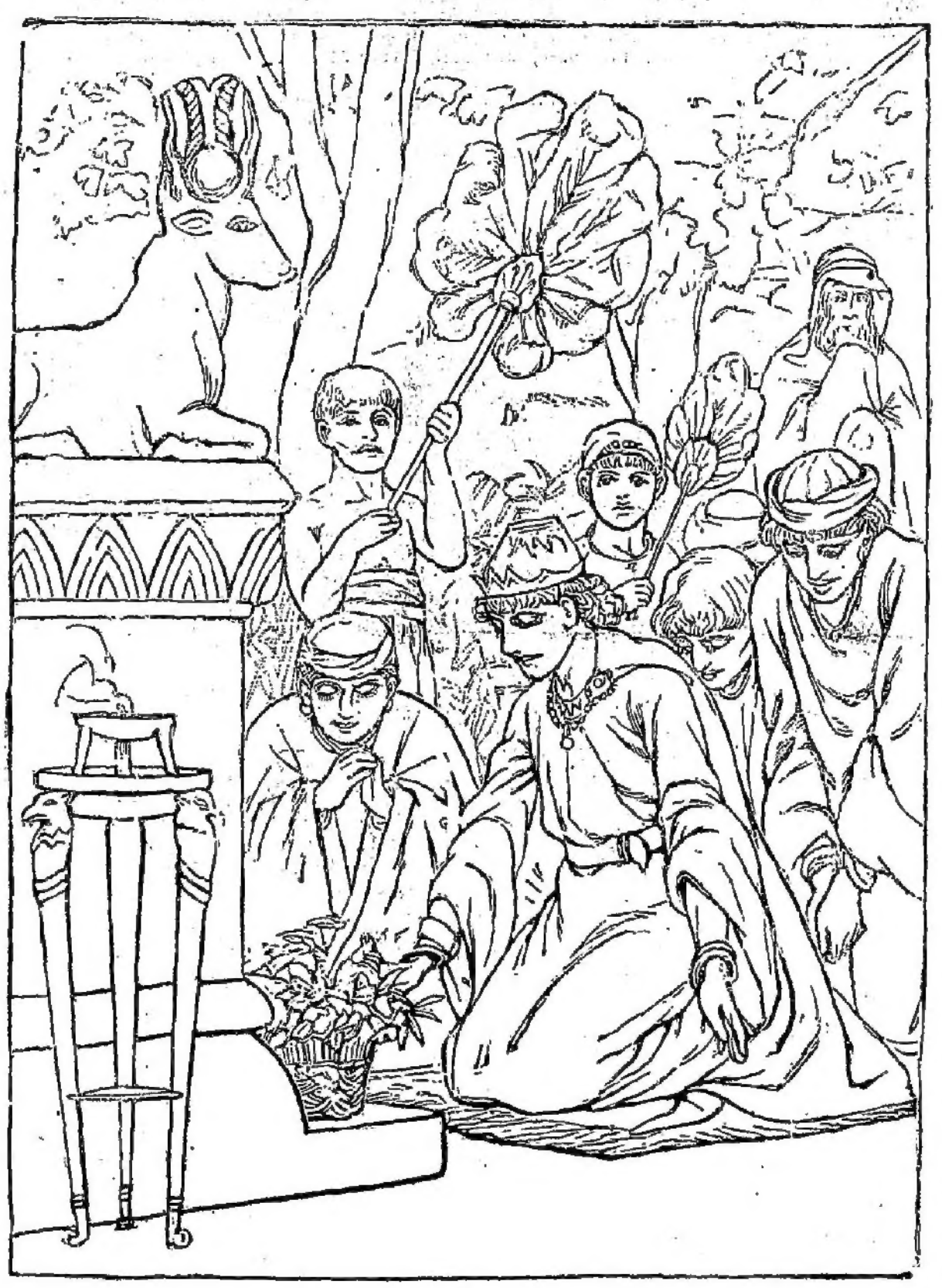
"No, no, my lady," Ingleby said. "No, no; I have been waiting for her there till ten minutes ago. She is lost—lost—and oh! I wish we had never, never come to these foreign places; and the mistress so ill!"

Lady Burnside was indeed greatly distressed, but she took immediate action. She sent Willy to fetch Stefano, anxious that Mrs. Acheson should not be alarmed, and she despatched him at once to the Bureau of Police, and told him to describe Dorothy, and to tell every one that she was missing.

Ingleby tried to follow them, but her legs trembled, and she sat down on a bench in the hall and burst into tears.

And this was the trouble which little Dorothy's self-will had brought upon every one; this was the end of her determination to do as she liked best, without thinking what it was right and best to do, and what other people liked best—a sad end to a day that might have been so happy; a hard lesson for her to learn!

(To be Continued.)



"And the people, when they saw their king doing wrong, followed his bad example."

MANASSEH.

Manasseh, the son of the good King Hezekiah, was twelve years old when he began to reign. He was quite old enough to know what was right, but, instead of following the example of his father, he forsook God, and worshipped idols.

In the picture you see him kneeling before a strange altar, offering flowers to an idol of stone, which could neither see him nor hear him speak.

Manasseh was even wicked enough to make a carved image, and set it up in God's *own house*—the beautiful Temple. And the people when they saw their king doing wrong, followed his bad example, until the Bible tells us they were worse than the heathen who had lived in Canaan long before.

God sent warning to Manasseh, but neither he nor the people cared for what God said; and at last the Lord would have patience with them no longer, and He allowed the armies of the King of Assyria to come to Jerusalem and conquer it. Then Manasseh was carried away to Babylon, and kept there in captivity.

While he was in Babylon he thought of his sins, and humbled himself before God, and prayed to be forgiven. When God saw that he was really sorry He was merciful to him, and forgave him for what he had done.

After a time he was set free, and when he returned to Jerusalem he tried to lead a better life. But although he destroyed many of the idols, and threw down their altars, he could not undo all the evil that he had done. His son, Amon, would not serve God, and it was not until the reign of his grandson, Josiah, that the people really turned from their wickedness, and obeyed God's laws.—*Sunday Reading.*

NEARING THE HARBOR.

BY WILLIAM DEAN, D.D.

I remember on one return voyage from China in a sailing-ship, as we supposed about to enter the harbor at New York, I had blacked my boots and changed my dress to go ashore, when there came a head-wind and drove us out to sea, where, during four days, we were baffled by storms and tossed by the billows in a more furious and frustrating manner than we had been during the whole voyage from the other side of the world. Thus it is with the devil when a man is just about to enter the portals of peace; he raises all the head-winds of doubt and storms of temptation at his command, and if he can't sink the ship just at the mouth of the harbor, he will frighten the poor souls on board with the threats of being lost, and lead them in anguish to cry to the Pilot for help. And the longer the voyage and the more prominent the service of the passenger, the more thick and thundering the assailments from the fiendish foe.

REST AWHILE.

You are wearing out the vital forces faster than there is any need, and in this way subtracting years from the sum total of your life. This rush and worry, day after day; this restless anxiety for something you have not got, is like pebble-stones in machinery; they grate and grind the life out of you. You have useless burdens; throw them off! You have a great load of useless care; dump it! Pull in the strings; compact your business; take the time for thought of better things. Go out into the air, and let God's sun shine down upon your busy head. Stop thinking of business and profit; stop grumbling at adverse providences. You will probably never see much better times in this doomed world, and your most opportune season is now; your happiest day is to-day. Calmly do your duty, and let God take care of his own world. He is still alive, and is the King. Do not imagine that things will go to smash when you disappear from this mortal stage. Cease to fret and fume; cease to jump and worry early and late. Take breath, sit down and rest, and take a long breath. Then go calmly to the tasks of life, and do your work well.—*Christian at Work.*

A FLIGHT WITH THE SWALLOWS.

BY EMMA MARSHALL.

(Children's Friend.)

CHAPTER X.—IN THE SHADOWS.

At first Dorothy was scarcely conscious of what had happened to her, and when she really recovered herself, she found she was in a dark, low room, where she could hardly see.

There was a great chatter going on around her, of which she could not make out a word. As her eyes got accustomed to the dim light, she saw the figures of two women, a boy, and an old crone sitting by a wood fire. The room seemed very full, and was very hot; a smell of smoke, and dried fish, and of tar, made Dorothy gasp for breath. She was lying on what seemed to her a wooden shelf, but was in reality a bed, and she felt something cold on her head. She put up her hand, and found her forehead was bandaged with a wet cloth.

"I want to go home," she said, struggling to get down from the bed; but she was seized by a pair of strong arms, and a great many words were addressed to her, as she was almost forced again to lie down.

But Dorothy now began to cry and scream, and presently the narrow doorway was filled with inquiring faces, and the strife of tongues became more and more loud and noisy.

Not one word could Dorothy understand, except, perhaps, "signorina," with which she had become familiar, and a few words which she had caught up from Stefano.

The brown hands which held her down were firm, if gentle, and, though she fought and struggled, she could not regain her feet. Presently she felt something warm trickling down her cheek, and then there were fresh exclamations, and Dorothy, putting up her finger, saw it was stained with crimson blood.

She gave herself up for lost—poor little girl—and began to sob and cry most bitterly; then, to her surprise, the pair of strong arms lifted her gently from the bed, and carried her to the smoking embers on the hearth; and, looking up, she saw a kindly face bending over her, and she was rocked gently to and fro, just as Ingleby had often rocked her by the nursery fire at Coldchester. More wet bandages were put to her forehead, and the boy, drawing near, touched the long, silky hair, and said—

"*Bella e bella.*"

"Oh! do let me go home—take me home—please—please——"

But no one knew what she said, and the woman only began to sing as she rocked, in the soft Italian language, while the rest talked and chattered, and raised their hands in wonder, and gazed down at the child with large dark eyes; and if Dorothy could have understood them, she would have known they only intended to be kind.

To be sure, they told Giulia that the little signorina must belong to rich English, and she would get a reward; and that she ought to go down to the town and inquire at the hotels and the villas.

A good deal passed through Dorothy's mind as she lay in the arms of the rough, though kindly Italian woman. How long it seemed since the morning, since she had been angry with Baby Bob, and had refused to go to Colla. Oh, how she wished she had gone now. How she longed to say she was sorry, to kiss Baby Bob, to throw her arms round Irene, and to tell mother she would never, never be naughty again! Convulsive sobs shook her, and she clung to the kind woman's neck, praying and entreating to be taken home.

But where was home? No one knew, and no one could understand her; and at last worn out with crying, Dorothy fell fast asleep.

Neighbors came in and out, and looked curiously at the little golden-haired signorina, whose head seemed to make a spot of light in the dark dwelling.

"They will miss her, and search for her," the neighbors said, "and then you will get a reward, Giulia. She is like an angel with the light round her head in the window in the church."

"She is like a sorrowful little lost kid bleating for its mother," said Giulia.

So the hours went on, and the sunset gleamed from behind the old church, and brightened the grey walls of the houses in the square, and made the windows glitter and shine like stars.

But Dorothy did not wake, and still Giulia sat patiently with her in her strong brown arms, and crooned over her the words of a hush-a-bye with which the dark-eyed boy, who stood notching a stick by the open fireplace, had been lulled to sleep in his turn—

"Ninni, ninni, nanna,
Allegrezza di la mamma!
Addormentati, addormentati,
Oh, mia bella!"

This answered to the "Hush a-bye, Baby" which we all know, and really meant—

"Joy of thy mother, sleep, sleep!
My pretty one, sleep."

The sunset faded from the sky, and the smouldering wood ashes and embers on the hearth now shone with only a dim red eye in the middle; and still Dorothy slept, and still Giulia swayed her body to and fro, and sang on in a low, soft voice.

It was really very kind of Giulia, for a heap of brown net and a ball of stout twine, into which a huge bone netting-needle was thrust, lay by the rough wooden bench near the small window. And Guilia did very much want to finish that net, and send her boy down to the quay with it to the master fisherman who had given her the order to make it.

But Giulia could not find it in her kind, motherly heart to risk waking the child by laying her down on the bed again, and she dreaded to hear the cries in the English tongue, which she could not understand, and so could not heed.

It was nearly dark when at last Dorothy opened her eyes and sat up, with a prolonged yawn. The sleep had refreshed her, and she had been so quieted by it, that she did not resist or cry when Giulia put her down on a low wooden stool; and throwing another bit of wood on the fire, a flame leaped up, which was pleasant and cheerful, and made the red petticoat which the old crone by the fire wore look bright and warm.

Then Giulia lighted a small lamp, which was hung to a hook on the ceiling, and putting a big iron pipkin on the fire, began to prepare some broth for the little signorina.

Dorothy watched her as if she were still dreaming, and saw how the big gold earrings bobbed up and down, and wondered why Giulia had such a very wide waist, and why any one who had such a shabby petticoat should wear earrings, and have shining gold pins in the handkerchief which was bound round her head.

Dorothy did not like the smell of the soup at all, and when Giulia crumbled into it some dark bread, and finally offered it to her, with a large wooden spoon, she turned away in disgust.

But Giulia persisted, and Dorothy, having tasted nothing since breakfast, was really hungry, and swallowed a few spoonfuls.

An orange which a neighbor brought in hanging on the bough, with its dark green leaves, was much more tempting, and when she took it from the woman who offered it to her, she said "Grazia"—she knew that meant "Thank you"—for Francesco always said "Grazia" when he took the little copper pieces of money, that seemed so many, and were worth so little, from her hand or Irene's when they had dismounted from the donkeys.

Presently a familiar voice at the door made Dorothy stop eating the orange, and she turned her eyes anxiously towards the new-comer.

It was Francesco himself, who began to tell what grief there was in Villa Firenze, and how a little signorina was lost, and he held up a crumpled wisp of paper, and said he had picked it up in the Market Square

"Oh, it is mine, it is mine, Francesco Don't you know me, Francesco? It is my letter to Uncle Crannie. Francesco! Francesco!"

The boy began a series of jumps of joy and springs of delight, and clapped his hands.

"Trovata! trovata!—e la piccola signorina. Found! found! the little lady is found)," he said.

"Let me go with him! he knows where I live. Oh, tell them—tell them to let me go with you."

(To be Continued.)

"Dorothy fell fast asleep."

A DANGER

Cigarette smoking is growing to be one of the monster evils of the day. Within the past ten years the habit has increased so rapidly that the use of tobacco in its other forms has very materially decreased This has been brought about partly from a desire to economize, and partly because of the convenience it offers of "a few whiffs" in leisure moments, as well as because the inhaling of the smoke gratifies a taste not to be satisfied in any other way. The vicious habit has grown up entirely within the past ten years, when but a single brand, the Cuban, was known to New York dealers. Now there are upwards of 500 different brands in the market, most of which are manufactured here.

Several prominent physicians unite in declaring that cigarette smoking is much more injurious than cigar smoking, because the smoke is generally inhaled and often ejected through the nose. Hence it has a particularly harmful effect on the mucous membrane of the nasal passage. People who use cigarettes are more liable than others to be afflicted with local irritations that produce catarrh. In those of nervous temperaments especially, it always produces constitutional effects. The pulse is increased in frequency, becomes smaller than is natural, and irregular. Such persons are said to have a "tobacco pulse" and a "tobacco heart." Persons who habitually smoke cigarettes are said by physicians to be easily excited, and to have a tendency to vertigo, and dimness of vision, besides being troubled by dyspepsia.

Bronchial and throat diseases are much more rapidly caused by cigarette smoking than cigar smoking, and during the past six or seven years a large increase of diseases of the air passages, traceable solely to this pernicious habit, has been observed by physicians. It has been demonstrated that there is not one-fiftieth as much of the mucous surface covered by cigar smoke as by the inhaled smoke of a cigarette. Excessive indulgence in any form of tobacco smoking may produce general paralysis, while, by enfeebling the circulation, lowering the vitality of the system, and interfering with assimilation of food, it tends to produce *anæmia*, which is one of the first steps toward softening of the brain. Vertigo, when resulting from smoking strong cigars, or from the inhaling of cigarette smoke, is due to *anæmia*, or in other words to a diminished supply of blood to the brain.—*Christian at Work.*

IT IS SAID that the heathen have not learned how to avoid contributing to the cause of religion. They know no better than to carry money with them to the place of worship, and to cast it in liberally even without solicitation. It is said that no heathen ever hides his face by a hymn or prayer book while the baskets are being passed, or closes his eyes in pious meditation; nor while others are giving is he "dodging"—*Baptist Missionary Magazine.*

DISCOURAGED.

BY REV E. A. RAND.

She uttered this one word, and then with a sigh of relief left the quaint little gothic church-porch. It was Miss Amy Marvin, teacher of "Class Fifteen" in the Sunday-school of Bethesda Church. Amy had been listening to an enthusiastic address by the superintendent of the school, Mr. Whittier, upon "The Praiseworthy Teacher." "I will describe an actual case," he said, for he disclaimed all intention to set up any flawless model, after which would come a hopeless attempt in carving out a copy. He only claimed to block out and shape what any conscientious teacher might expect to be, as illustrated by a case he knew. Unconsciously, in the increasing warmth of a good purpose, he made his statue more elaborate than he intended. He held up what might have been termed "The Model Teacher." He sent Amy Marvin home in a discouraged mood.

"There!" she exclaimed, "I do try to do all he spoke about. 'Teachers' meetings?'—yes, I attend them. 'Preparation of the lesson?'—yes, I try to have it ready. 'Calling on scholars?'—yes, I try to call at their homes. 'Attention to sick scholars?'—yes, I took Johnny Dove a soft blanket for his nest in bed last evening. 'Prompt attendance?'—yes, Mr. Whittier, I try to be here in school, and sharp on the hour, as you say. And I have tried—yes, I tried, though it did not seem to amount to much, to say something spiritually helpful to my class. But, oh, dear! I am so lacking! I can't be like that teacher he described. There! when I get home I will ask Aunt Eliza about it." "Aunt Eliza" was one of those blessed old family treasures, circulating from household to household, dealing out counsel to the perplexed, comfort to the sick, and help in general to all needing it. For every dark corner she had a lamp, not an ornamental one on a parlor table, never filled and used, but one ever ready for illumination. She was now visiting at Amy's house. Amy confided to her the story of her discouragement.

"Do you want to know, Amy, what I would do?" asked Aunt Eliza, turning toward Amy a round, rosy face, irradiated with the spirit of wisdom and benevolence. "What would I do about it? I would just keep a-doing."

"Well, I will!" declared Amy, very resolutely. "I will do one thing right off. I will go down to Will Stover's and find out why he is absent. Why, the boy may be sick!"

No, Will Stover was not sick, at least physically. In his soul he felt weak and bruised, as if he were in the midst of a fight where hard blows were given on every side. Sitting on the doorstep of his home—only a back-alley retreat—he bowed his head and rested it on his hands, while the battle went forward, or in his case, backward. Suddenly a thin, querulous voice, inside the rough doorway, shrieked out, "Will! Will! I want you to split me some wood before you go."

"O dear!" he groaned, "I don't believe there is any wood. Wish we could burn air! That would be cheap; and then we should burn, for everything would be on fire, and I don't care much if it were."

"William! where's William?" thick, husky tones were asking. Their gaunt, emaciated owner then said, "I wonder if William brought me that medicine."

It was Will's sick father.

"There's another want," Will inwardly groaned. "It gets worse and worse, and I have a great mind to—"

He did not finish the sentence. It was a part of the hard battle that was going on, the fight where wrong was sorely trampling down the right. He went into the house, but soon returned, and sitting down again, pulled out his pocket-book. He was opening it when the sound of a step checked him. He looked up, blushed, and said: "Why—why—Miss Marvin! come in; though you will take us as you find us, I know."

"Oh, of course," said his teacher. "Let me go in where your father and mother are."

When she came out with him she said: "I have some medicine at home that will do nicely for your father, and if you don't mind it, I would like to give you some wood."

"Oh, thank you! I—I—" His eyes glowed, his voice hesitated. He straightened as if a hand smiting sore had been lifted, and his soul was off the battle-ground.

"You don't know what you have kept me from," he said.

"What?" she asked, not understanding what he meant. "If I have helped you any I am very glad of it."

He could not speak at first. He said finally: "Thank you! You will see me next Sunday."

She went away wondering at his emotion. He seized his cap, hurried out into the street, went to an express office and paid a bill, and then ran to the store where he worked. It was the quick step of a victorious, happy soul. He had been asked on his way back from an errand home to stop at an express office, and with a sum of money entrusted to him pay a bill for his employers. He fought down a temptation to delay his payment, and use a part of the money for articles needed at home, returning it as soon as possible. A man or boy fighting down such a temptation fights it on the slippery edge of a great risk.

"Oh, I didn't touch it, thank God!" he now said. "Teacher don't know" (she never knew exactly in what) "that her visit helped me to do right."

Two days later her superintendent accosted her:—

"Heard you spoken of pleasantly at the store yesterday," he said. "One of the boys in our store came to me and said: 'Sorry I broke something just now, sir, but I will replace it. Hope you will excuse it.' 'Well, I like you to be honest,' I said. 'Always be frank and honest, and tell me if anything has gone wrong.'

"'My teacher would want me to be frank and honest.'

"'Teacher?'

"'In Sunday-school.'

"'Who is she?'

"'Miss Marvin, sir.'

"'Are you in her class?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'I didn't know it. I am superintendent there, but there are so many boys in the Sunday-school I don't always remember them. What is your teacher's name? Oh, you told me. And yours?'

"'Will Stover,' he said it was."

"My scholar!" exclaimed Amy.

"Yes."

"That does please me!"

"You see, I have only been in the store a week back, and am just finding out some of the hands."

"What you say does me good, I did feel so discouraged."

"You?"

"After what you said one time about 'The Praiseworthy Teacher.'"

"You did? Why—why—how's that?"

"Oh, there's a horse-car I must take. Good-by" (hastening to meet the approaching car).

She left him standing on the sidewalk, smiling and saying to himself, "That is pretty good. When I made that talk I suppose I may have been too emphatic, but really the case of a praiseworthy teacher—I told them in many things a true case—was this very young woman! That's funny! I believe though I am right."—*S. S. Banner.*

SABBATH FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

BY ANNIE L. H.

There is a class of children who need occupation on the Sabbath, to whom the Noah's ark is an outgrown amusement, the doll of no account, who yet have not acquired the taste or habit of continuous reading. Take, for instance, a family in which the youngest child is a boy of eight. The discipline in self-application in reading may be needful to a certain extent, but he will look forward with joy to the hour when the older ones—either parents, sisters, or brothers—will engage with him in some different employment.

Reading aloud to each other, or in concert together—singing familiar hymns—repeating all the Bible verses that can be thought of commencing with A, then B, and so on through the alphabet, are interesting and profitable exercises. Some families make use of a question box—a pasteboard box with an opening in the cover, through which from time to time, slips of paper are passed, upon which are written questions by different members of the family; the name of the one who is to answer the question being designated by the writer, thus:

A question for Frank: "Who wrote most of the Epistles?" For Edward: "Repeat in order the books of the Old Testament." For mamma: "Why don't we have miracles nowadays?"—the box to be opened at some suitable time when all can be present. This exercise may do well for a few Sabbaths, and then the box be laid aside for several weeks, when the interest in it can be again renewed.

Another exercise called "Proverbs" consists of a dozen or two of cards, on each of which is nicely written a proverb from the Bible. Grandma, or some other among the elderly ones, takes the cards and reads the first and last words of one of the proverbs. If the child who is first asked to repeat the verse fails, it is passed on until it is repeated correctly—the successful one retaining the card. In this way the cards are all given out, and each is anxious to get the greatest number. Some may object to this as savoring too much of week-day amusement; but others will welcome it as preferable to many of the occupations to which wide-awake children are tempted on the Sabbath.

How to interest them in the sermon, when the pastor seldom, if ever, is able to adapt any considerable part of his discourse to their comprehension, is something of a problem. One little restless boy of ten was told that if he would listen attentively to the sermon, and then come home and write neatly and correctly on paper all that he could remember, he should have one cent a line. His first effort ran thus:

1. Could my tears forever flow.
2. Just as I am and waiting not
3. To rid myself of one dark blot—
4. To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot.
5. Oh! Lamb of God, I come,
6. Redemption is free—salvation to those who will come.
7. God can take care of large sinners as well as small.

7 cents. FRANK W. L.

Of course it was not intended that he should count the lines of a hymn familiar to him, but, as nothing had been said, his production was accepted with the exception of the fifth line, rejected for want of capital letters.

"How I wish I could take pencil and paper to church," he said. That might do for a younger boy, and save dozens of pins from being bent as they are slyly inserted in the heel of a boot, and made to vibrate at the finger's touch—many dozens of crumbs from the pew carpet—many finger marks on the torn leaves of the hymn book and Bible, and many other doings known only to vigilant mothers.

But a boy of ten can be trained to remember; and then, too, he needs the occupation it gives him at home. "I'd like your chance," said a boy in his 'teens to this boy of ten. To him was given the privilege of receiving a penny for every five lines—just for once—and the amount written so astonished the younger boy, that he, too, aspired to reach his higher ideal, and soon his attention was engaged even when the sermon was not adapted to his understanding. A habit that will keep the eyes from wandering—the head from turning at every movement of door or window—is of use, and the chances are better for some good impression to be made on the mind. It is of the utmost importance that children be trained early, and by example as well as by precept. "My papa don't say any prayers before he goes to sleep," said one little child to another. "Oh, I can't think so," was the reply; "mine does, and your father is such a good man, it must be that he says some kind of a prayer, and you do not know it."

Do not fail to let the little ones know that you reverence the Sabbath and the sanctuary;—and if there has been any falling-off in the matter, for their sakes as well as your own, seek to make good the deficiency at once.

It will be a help to the little ones to sing occasionally, at family devotions on Sabbath mornings, the familiar lines commencing,

"This day belongs to God alone."

in the same tune as "Happy day," repeating the words "Sabbath day," in the chorus—it will impress them more than simply reciting the lines—and perhaps help them to keep the day better.—*Zion's Herald.*

A place in the ranks await you,
Each man has some part to play;
The past and the future are nothing
In the face of stern to-day.

A. A. Procter.

Discretion
And hard valor are the twins of honor,
And nursed together, make a conqueror—
Divided, but a talker.

—*Beaumont and Fletcher.*

Question Corner.—No. 11.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Who was the oldest man?
2. Who was the wisest man?
3. Who was the weakest man?
4. Who was the strongest man?
5. Who was the largest man?
6. Who was the most patient man?
7. Who was the most faithful man?
8. Who went to heaven in a chariot of fire?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS NO. 7.

1. Bramble. Jud. 9: 15.
2. Briers. Micah 7: 4.
3. Calamus. Ezek. 27: 19.
4. Cassia. Psalm 45: 8.
5. Cedar. 2 Sam. 7: 2.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE MOTTO ACROSTIC.—

1. Tiberias.
2. Ruth.
3. Unicorn.
4. Sapphira.
5. Tarsus.
6. Iscariot.
7. Nathaniel.
8. Hiram.
9. Israel.
10. Meshach.

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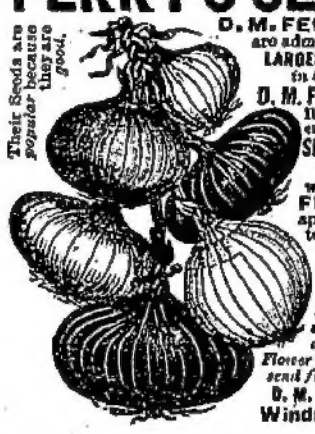
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